

# JOAN OF ARC

By IDA M. TARBELL



MENTOR

GRAVURES

JOAN OF ARC

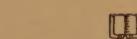
*By Foyatier*

JOAN OF ARC

*By J. Rouleau*

JOAN OF ARC

*By Princess Marie of Orleans*



MENTOR

GRAVURES

JOAN OF ARC

*By Henri Chapin*

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

*By R. Wheelwright*

JOAN OF ARC

*By Jules Bastien-Lepage*



Joan of Arc  
From a Drawing by George Alfred Williams

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF BIOGRAPHY  
SERIAL No. 98

**A**SIDE from the story of the Christ there is none in history which offers so complete a picture of the heights and depths of human character as that of Joan of Arc. So perfect is its symbolism that one coming for the first time to the records of the world might well believe it the invention of some consummate master of the intricacies of human nature, intent on showing to men the extremes of evil and of good of which they are capable.

Full of subtleties and mysteries as the story is, there is none in history more perfectly documented. We have not merely the proofs of what the Holy Maid claimed to be and what she did, but the details of her childhood, the inmost experiences of her spiritual and physical life. And these events and experiences stand on the evidences of not one, but of many, of those who were with her from her birth on January 6, 1412, in the little village of Domrémy, some 125 miles southeast of Paris, to the day nineteen years later, when, before the eyes of a great multitude of the people of Rouen (roo-ong), she was burned at the stake. She suffered her fate because a body of eminent lawyers and divines had found that she was, as their restrained and Christian language has it, "a liar, an inventor of revelations and apparitions, a deceiver, pernicious, presumptuous, light of faith, rash,



THE HOME OF JOAN OF ARC AT DOMRÉMY, FRANCE

A modern Photograph

superstitious, a soothsayer, a blasphemer against God and His saints, a contumely of God even in His sacraments, a prevaricator of divine law and of sacred doctrines and of ecclesiastical sanction, seditious, cruel, apostate, schismatic, having committed a thousand errors against religion, and by all these tokens rashly guilty towards God and Holy Church!"

### THE VOICES

The girl against whom these vindictive and hysterical charges were made was of peasant origin, not yet twenty years of age, and knew not A from B. She had come to her cruel end because from the time she was thirteen she had heard Voices—the Voices of saints—which she never had doubted had come from God and had never failed to obey, though the orders they gave her were so extraordinary that they had at the beginning filled her with terror. She had wept and pled her youth, her ignorance, her unfitness for the mission on which they would send her.

It was an amazing mission; nothing less than to save France from the clutches of England. Her instructions were detailed. She was to go to the governor of a nearby town and ask for an escort to conduct her to Charles VII, who called himself king of France, though he had never been crowned. She was to go to Charles and announce herself as sent by God to raise the siege of Orléans and to conduct him to Rheims (Reemz), where he was to be crowned. The English in the end were to be driven from all France, the Voices assured her.

To Joan of Arc this mission was of supremest importance. She lived in the path of war, and, like many a Belgian, a French, or a Polish girl of today, she had seen her village sacked, her family and her friends obliged to flee saving what they could. Domrémy lived in constant danger of the Burgundian allies of England and of all the pitiless riffraff war breeds. Joan was an ardent patriot and suffered with her country; she loved her king too, looking on him as sent of God. To rescue him was the noblest work which one could be given. After the first revolt she



THE DOORWAY TO THE HOUSE

accepted the call without misgivings. It was not for her to question Voices sent by God.

The key to the career of Joan of Arc is this unfaltering confidence. She did things from the start utterly preposterous by human standards of conduct. What more unlikely of success than that the governor of a tormented district should turn over for the asking to a child of seventeen, of whom he had never heard, an escort to take her to the king of the land! yet the governor of Vaucouleurs (vo-koo-lurr) did this: not on the first or second asking, to be sure, but on the third, and Joan had never doubted that she would get her escort—"the Voices had told me it would be thus."

### THE MAID AND THE KING

Her mind was so full of the command laid upon her that once accepted nothing could divert or frighten her. One might expect a girl of her origin to be awestruck at the thought of presenting herself before a court and a king; but not Joan. She passed unabashed through the throng that had gathered to witness her first meeting with Charles, and kneeling told him composedly, "Most noble Lord Dauphin, I am come, and am sent to you from God to give succor to the kingdom and to you."

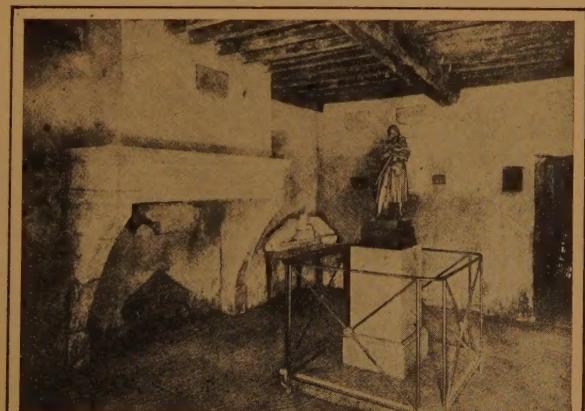
She won Charles from the start, for he was much of a person in spite of his vacillating and his weakness, and he answered to the nobility of her call. She won the better part of his court, and as for the people they flocked to her. She was sent to be examined by experts in law and religion; for without assurance that her Voices were indeed from God Charles did not dare risk it. Joan might of course be what the English and the cynical of the court declared,—a witch and her Voices of the devil.

For six weeks the girl was questioned by the ablest lawyers and churchmen of the kingdom. A selected body of women gave her a physical examination. The end of it was complete justification: "It is found and hereby declared that Joan of Arc, called the Maid, is a Christian and a Catholic, and that there is nothing in her presence or her words contrary to the faith, and that the king may and ought to accept the succor

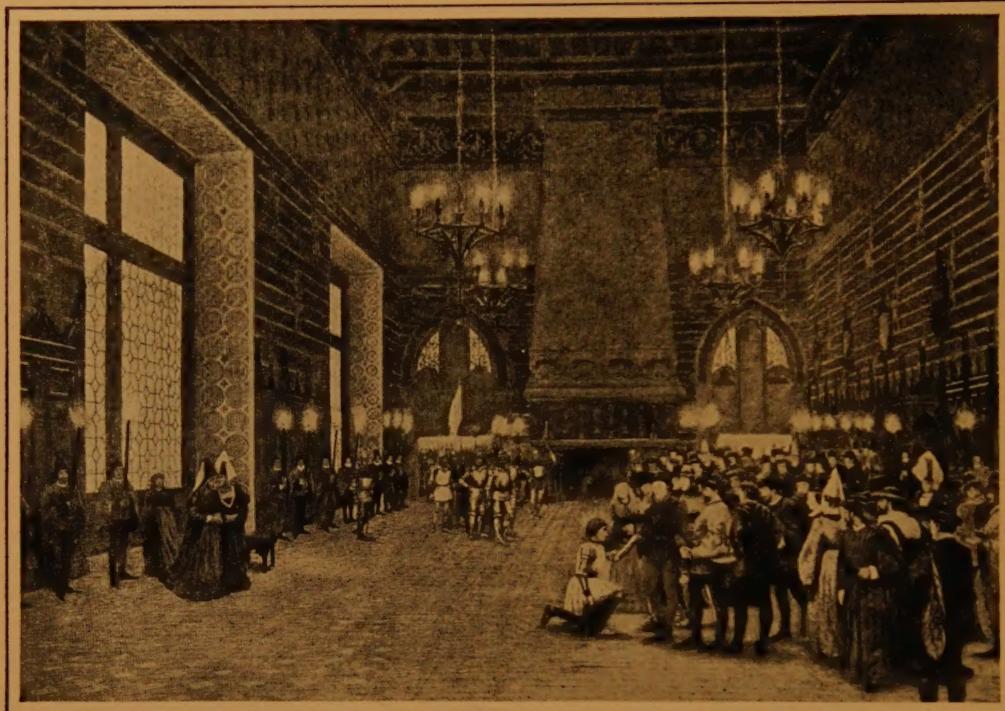


JOAN OF ARC

*Admonished by an angel to liberate France by the sword. From the painting by J. E. Lenepveu*



THE ROOM IN WHICH JOAN WAS BORN  
She was born at Domremy, France, on January 6, 1412



THE GRAND HALL OF THE PALACE AT CHINON (Shee-nong)

Where Joan first met Charles VII. From the painting by P. Carrier-Belleuse

she offers; for to repel it would be to offend the Holy Spirit, and render him unworthy of the aid of God."

Before this ratification all opposition to Joan fell. She was proclaimed by the king as one sent by God to assist him. She was given armor, a guard, soldiers, and under her orders a theatrical campaign was conducted. Orléans fell before her; though it was so invested that Charles had ceased to hope for its recovery. The winning of Orléans converted some who had doubted her in spite of learned jurists and theologians. It was with them as with d'Aulon, her steward: "It was not possible for so young a maid to do such things without the will and guidance of our Lord." Those who, because of personal ambition, did not believe in her, those who hated her purity and the habits of restraint and temperance she imposed on the army, those who called her witch, still did not dare oppose her openly. She *might* be from God, and whether she was or not she was in the saddle, adored of the people, supported by the king, a terror to the English.



KING CHARLES VII  
OF FRANCE

From an engraving

### CORONATION OF CHARLES VII.

The complete ascendancy Joan of Arc had won in France in two months from the time of her first interview with the king lasted from the fall of Orléans to the coronation of Charles at Rheims, on July 17, 1429. The

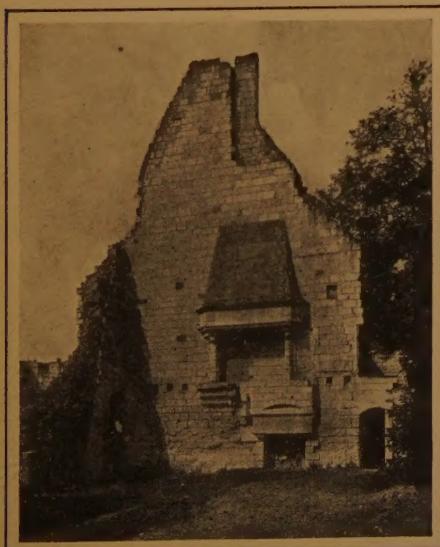
march which proceeded the crowning was most of it through land which the English held. There were sieges and battles, dangers and escapes. It was managed by the Maid with a calm authority, an unwavering reliance on her Voices, which lifted her even in the minds of her most cynical associates quite out of the ranks of human leaders. She was a greater general than them all. She foresaw all, she never feared nor hesitated—and she a girl of seventeen! She must be of God! And when finally the impossible had been accomplished, and, in spite of English, Burgundians, and the plotters, Charles was crowned, there were few of the French who even secretly denied her claim.

How could they when all she foretold promptly came true? It was by the success or failure of their prophesying that men of those days judged largely whether one came from God or not. It was because she told the governor of Vaucouleurs of a distant battle on the day it occurred and days before the news could reach him that he finally yielded to her demands for an escort. It was because she selected the king from a throng in which he mingled and told him that which no one but he knew that he accepted her. She had said that she would be wounded at Orléans—and she was. She had warned a wicked fellow that he would be dead shortly—and he was. Who could deny the holy origin of such a Maid? Certainly not the average man or woman of the fifteenth century; certainly not the loyal and devout French she succored. As for the English who fled before her, they acknowledged her powers; but they declared them to be of the devil—as was natural, since they were the sufferers!



KING CHARLES VII  
OF FRANCE

From an engraving published in 1805



THE PALACE AT CHINON  
The ruins of the Hall

### THE CHARACTER OF JOAN

But outside of her divine guidance and her unquestionable military and political genius, Joan of Arc had human qualities calculated to make even the roughest of men love and respect her. Peasant though she was, she was beautiful to see. This fresh, untouched young girl with the flame of inspiration in her eye and the authority of the divine in her bearing, clad in her pure-white armor and mounted on a warhorse as spirited as the best of them, must have been a sight to stir the heart.

Her sympathy for the afflicted poor of the country was as genuine as her devotion to the king. They knew it,



JOAN OF ARC

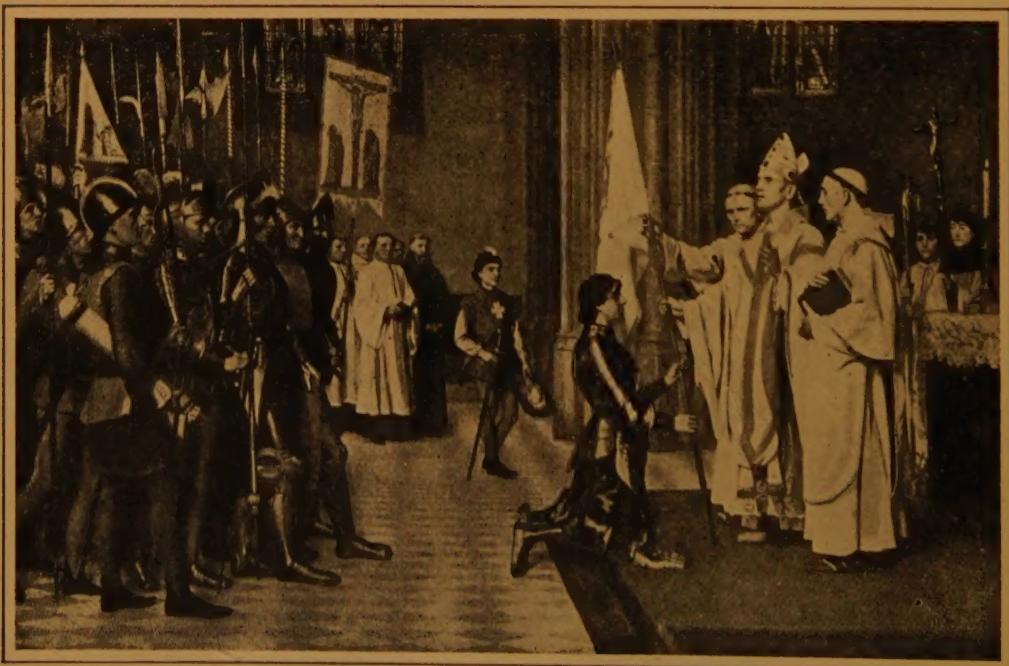
From the painting by J. Ingres

and no little of her power came from their perception. There was no shadow of self-seeking in her; she never asked honor or wealth or pleasure. There were clever and designing ones who sought to trap her with such baubles, —a well-known and usually quite successful method of sidetracking troublesome people with ideas of their own,—but Joan was quite outside of all worldliness. It looked small and thin to one who consorted with saints and followed the orders of the Most High. What she took of the gifts showered upon her she gave to the poor. When at the coronation the king told her to ask what she would, she asked that Domrémy be freed forever from taxes.

She was devout. No Catholic in France was more faithful to the church, no one partook of

its holy mysteries with more humility or with more worship in his heart.

But good and devout and charitable as she was she was no colorless person. There are numerous delightful human outbreaks recorded in the documents of her life. She wept like an ordinary girl when she received her first wound. She flew often into a passion when her commands had been disobeyed. She was particularly hard on the wanton women



BLESSING THE STANDARD OF THE MAID

After the painting by Michel

who followed the camp, often herself chasing them off. Once she broke a sword over the head of one, and again killed one by the blow she gave.

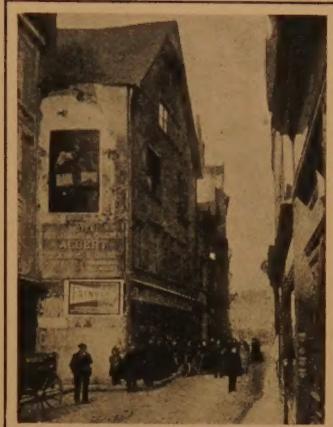
She guarded her own divine prerogative with quite human jealousy. As there were many women prophesying in those days, a company of them were enlisted to help the king after Joan's first success. Joan never liked them. "Folly and futility," was her characterization of the work of the most prominent of these women, Catherine de la Rochelle. "Send her home to her husband and children," was her order. A common enough point of view of the Maid who has made a career for herself and sees a married woman seeking to do the same! However, in Catherine's case Joan suspected fraud, and there seems to have been reason.

### THE END OF HER MISSION AND CAPTURE

With the crowning of the king at Rheims Joan seemed to feel that her mission was at an end. She was homesick when she saw her father and those who had come from Domrémy to witness her miraculous elevation. She prayed Charles to release her, to send her back to her spinning

and her flocks, her mother and her friends. But she was too precious at the moment. The king and his counselors would have more of her aid; but they wanted it without admitting her to their councils and without heeding the orders she gave as coming from her Voices. She was severe and outspoken about this treatment. "Truces have been made," she said once to the people of Rheims, "that are not pleasing to me, and I know not whether I shall keep them; but if I keep them, it will be solely to maintain the king's honor."

After Rheims there followed campaigns in which she had little or no support, treaties of which she did not approve, intrigues which, though she frequently divined and frustrated them, slowly produced their effect on king and people. She failed in



HOUSE IN ORLEANS OCCUPIED  
BY THE MAID



THE VICTORIOUS ENTRANCE INTO ORLEANS  
From the painting by J. J. Scherer

September to take Paris; though she had been as confident that it would fall as that Orléans would. She scandalized the church by attacking it on the anniversary of the birth of the Virgin Mary. She was sorely wounded too in this attack and had to be carried from the field. It hurt her prestige.

In the winter following the failure to take Paris Joan wrought many marvels in the Loire country to which the king had retreated. The greatest was that, among doubters and flatterers, and in spite of intrigue and discouragement, she kept her purpose clear, her confidence unshaken. She was still Joan, the Maid sent by God to drive the English from all France. But she was no longer a Maid with full power over the king.

She stood it until spring; then the certainty that there was danger of losing all Champagne led her to set out with a band of perhaps a hundred horse and still fewer archers, her objective Compiègne (cong-pyen) which the Duke of Burgundy was threatening. It was the thirteenth of May when she reached Compiègne. The aid she rendered seems futile enough at this distance. The truth was Joan had no knowledge of the situation, and could have no plans for relief. She was not admitted into the counsels of those who defended the town. For her attack on Orléans and her march on Rheims she had had the knowledge which during three years of devout

belief in her mission she had collected unconsciously no doubt; but at Compiègne she had nothing but her Voices. She had almost full command from Orléans to Rheims: now she was little more in the minds of the commanding officers than a painted saint, a bejeweled reliquary, to be used on their sallies and in their attacks.

The result was her capture. It came at a moment when she was crying, "Go forward! They are ours!" though as a matter of fact all of the French but her and her little guard had fled.

If in the few months Joan of Arc held sway over the minds of the French king and his people she showed as none outside of the Christ have ever shown the divinity in man and its power to elevate human nature, surely that which followed is as perfect an illustration of the deviltry



THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

In the lower right corner may be seen an equestrian statue of Joan of Arc



JOAN OF ARC

Equestrian statue by Anna V. Hyatt

in the human heart and what it can do to corrupt and harden men. Never were human minds so put to it to prove a saintly thing evil. All the learning that was in the University of Paris, all the authority there was in the church and state in the part of the world where Joan was finally taken for trial, was summoned to find out: not the truth,—they had no interest in the truth,—but plausible reasons for declaring her a heretic. The orders from the English government were that she should not be allowed to die save by what they called “the hand of justice”; that is, she must be proved to be of the devil. This was the business of the church.



THE CORONATION OF CHARLES VII

The King of France was crowned in the Cathedral at Rheims, on July 17, 1429. In this painting by Bartolini, Joan of Arc stands with her banner near the kneeling king

ical strength by abominable prison conditions. Joan had been a captive for seven months when she was finally taken to Rouen to trial. In the dungeon tower room given her it is said she was at first chained in an iron cage in which it was impossible to stand erect; certain it is that shackles were always on her feet, a chain round her waist by which she was padlocked to a beam. Five English guards slept in her room jeering at and insulting her. It was in this room they came to her with promises, bribes, flatteries, and threats.

It was from here that she went in chains in February, 1431, for six public examinations by the sixty or more doctors and lawyers. These open meetings proved too damaging to her judges. She was too truthful, too unafraid, too confident in God and her Voices. The subtlety of some

### TRIAL AND TORTURE AND DEATH

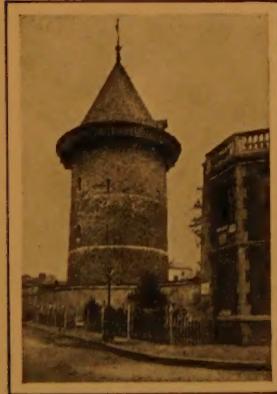
At this noble work there now was set a band of some sixty of the most learned and distinguished scholars, judges, and ministers in the land. There was an occasional one for whom the work was too abominable. One such declared boldly that to force this simple girl to reply without guidance to such great doctors, to so many masters, was mocking justice. “They mean to catch her,” was his verdict. “I will stay no longer. I cannot witness it.” And indeed they did mean to catch her; but what a chase she gave them! I doubt if there is such a test of wit and courage and faith in all the history of disputation.

At every point they taxed their devilish ingenuity to put her at a disadvantage. They drained her phys-



THE LAST COMMUNION OF JOAN OF ARC

From the painting by Michel

THE JOAN OF ARC PRISON  
TOWER AT ROUEN

of her answers confused and shamed the most relentless of her examiners. They had that overpowering quality which the direct unadulterated truth gives. What chance in the long run has a university dialectician before the truth?

They took her to closed chambers, and hardly did better. They went to her when she was ill and likely to die. But they could not touch this clean white thing. It slipped through their fingers like a ray of light. And on what unimportant matters they badgered her! Her dress, for one. The trial seems at points to have been hung on the crime of her wearing man's apparel. "Dress is but a little

thing, less than nothing," she told them.

They threatened her finally with torture if she did not reply to questions she said her Voices had forbidden her to answer. In the very torture chamber with the horrid irons before her eyes she cried, "Verily, if you were to tear my limbs asunder and drive my soul out of my body, naught else would I tell you, and if I did say anything unto you, I would always maintain afterward that you dragged it from me by force."

For months this unbelievable torment went on, until finally, lost in the maze they had prepared for her, worn by confinement and incessant mental and physical strain, she broke under the threat of burning,—a child's horror of a fate she had persuaded herself God would not permit.

Her Voices had deceived her. She signed the deed of abjuration they had prepared for her: only to find it did not mean what she thought.

Back in her prison, her courage and her confidence reasserted themselves and she recanted, "All that I said I uttered through fear of fire, and I recanted nothing that was not contrary to the truth. I had liefer do my penance once and for all, to wit by dying, than endure further anguish in prison. Whatsoever abjuration I have been forced to make, I never did anything against God and religion. I did not understand what was in the deed of abjuration, wherefore I did not mean to abjure anything unless it were Our Lord's will."

It was this that caught her, such is the dexterity of the human intellect bent on proving that which is good to be evil. Joan had been pronounced a heretic, she had confessed to being one, so they declared: now she recanted. The Holy Church could have nothing to do with so monstrous a creature. At last the learned doctors had unimpeachable authority for turning her over to the English, who now had the undeniable right of burning her alive.

They lost no time. It was on a Tuesday (May 29) that she was declared a relapsed heretic. It was on the morning of the following day that she died by fire. A rough wooden cross, fashioned, at her request, by a pitying English soldier, was on her breast, the words "Jesus, Jesus" on her lips. On her head was a great fool's cap on which was written *Hérétique, relapse, apostate, idolâtre.*



THE BURNING OF JOAN OF ARC AT  
ROUEN

From the fresco in the Panthéon, Paris.  
by J. E. Lenepeuve

## SUPPLEMENTARY READING

JEANNE D'ARC—HER LIFE AND DEATH  
*By Mrs. M. O. Oliphant*

THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC  
*By D. W. Bartlett*

JOAN OF ARC (Illustrations in color)  
*By L. M. Bouret de Monvel*

THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC FOR BOYS  
AND GIRLS  
*By K. E. Carpenter*

JOAN OF ARC  
*By Thomas De Quincey*

MAID OF FRANCE  
*By Andrew Lang*

THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC  
*By Andrew Lang*

JOAN OF ARC  
(*Heroines that Every Child Should Know* series)  
*Edited by H. W. Mabie*

JEANNE D'ARC  
*By M. R. Bangs*

JOAN OF ARC  
*By F. C. Lowell*

JOAN OF ARC  
Translated from the French of Jules Michelet

JEANNE D'ARC  
*By M. M. Maxwell-Scott*

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOAN OF  
ARC  
*By S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain)*

\* \* \* Information concerning the above books and articles may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.

# THE OPEN LETTER

This is a New Year number of The Mentor—so let us look backward and forward. The first Mentor was published on February 17, 1913—not quite three years ago. Three years is a short span in the life of a periodical publication, but it is long enough in most cases to relegate the back numbers to oblivion, or at least to the department of bound magazines in libraries. But the first number of The Mentor is still in demand—and so are the numbers that followed it. Thousands of the early numbers are ordered every week. This means something. It means that The Mentor is not a magazine, but a popular educational course. While you like some numbers more than others, you want them all. You like The Mentor plan, and you hope that we are succeeding, and you would like to see The Mentor plan extended all over the world—these and many other warm words of encouragement have come to me from you day by day. Many of you have asked how we are doing now at the close of our third year. I am glad you have asked, for the answer is a very satisfactory one. At the end of the first six months of its life, The Mentor Association numbered about 5,000. It now numbers more than 60,000, and it is growing by hundreds every week. In that big and growing membership is the assurance that a new idea has taken definite form and that thousands of you have found it worthy. That makes the New Year look bright to us.

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As we take our backward look the original ideal of The Mentor presents itself to us anew. The word "ideal" should be carefully used, but we do not hesitate to apply it to The Mentor. What is an ideal? It is not a sufficient answer to say that it is the "best possible," for idealism does not concern itself with what is possible. The "best possible" is simply a standard—not an ideal. When the schoolboy said, "Standards are the things we live up to, ideals are the things we fall short of," he showed a worldly wisdom beyond his years. There are several shades of definition in the dictionaries, but "ideal" as we conceive it is the finest and fullest dream of achieve-

ment in any line of endeavor. The dream may seem impossible. It does seem so in the case of the most precious ideals. But that matters not. We treasure the ideal the more that it is unattainable. An ideal, like a fixed star, is far enough off to be steadfast and unchangeable. It may never be reached, but its guiding light may always be depended on.

★ ★ ★

But this is not an essay on ideals. My purpose is definite and practical. It is simply to recall the fact at the beginning of a new year that The Mentor was conceived in idealism; that it has been conducted in the spirit of idealism, and to reaffirm on this day our devotion to the ideal that has dominated The Mentor from the beginning—the ideal of Service. The Mentor Association was founded for the benefit of thousands of people who are eagerly seeking for information in the various fields of knowledge. We set out to give such information in a simple, attractive way by text and by pictures, and to add to that a general service of information. We were told by many that the ideal of service that we had before us could not be realized in this present day and generation of busy periodical publishing. Our ideal, like that of many others, was pronounced a Utopian dream—a visionary undertaking. It has often been remarked that while idealists are perfectly confident of the successful outcome of their dreams, very few will put any money into them. Just this in your ear, good reader: those who founded The Mentor not only had convictions, but had the courage of them. Many thousands of dollars have been spent on The Mentor Ideal, and now that The Mentor Plan is an assured success we know that we are "turning our dreams into fact."

★ ★ ★

It is not an editorial "we" that I am using. "We" includes those of us who are conducting The Mentor, but it means chiefly "you"—the 60,000 of "you" who make up The Mentor Association. Whether The Mentor Ideal was a distant, unattainable one was not clear to us until we heard from you. Now we know. You made The Mentor, and The Mentor is made for you.

*W. S. Moffat*

EDITOR



IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART NEW YORK

JOAN OF ARC. BY JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE

# JOAN OF ARC

## THE YOUTH OF THE MAID

Monograph Number One in The Mentor Reading Course



JOAN OF ARC, whose name more properly was Jeanneton Darc, and who is now known in France as Jeanne d'Arc, was one of the most wonderful women that ever lived. It is hard to believe some of the strange things that happened to her before she was twenty years old.

She was born at Domrémy, over in the eastern part of France, on January 6, 1412. She was the daughter of a peasant, and never learned to read or write; yet later in her life learned men could not puzzle her by questions. She was so sympathetic that she would stop to comfort her wounded enemies on the battlefield; yet she was so brave that even when severely wounded she continued to lead her soldiers.

Before hearing the story of Joan of Arc, it is interesting to know something of what was happening in France at the time she lived. For a long time the English king had been trying to make himself also the ruler of France. The ruler at that time was named Charles; but he had never been crowned king, as the coronation should have taken place at the Cathedral at Rheims (English pronunciation—Reemz.) But as Rheims was in the power of the English, Charles could not go there to be crowned.

The French themselves were divided into two parts. Some of them sided with Charles; but more took the part of England. These latter people lived in Burgundy. So at the time that Joan of Arc was born France was in a most unhappy state.

The girl sometimes guarded her father's flocks, and she was always glad to assist in the household work. She was noted for her physical strength, and for this reason and for her unselfish kindness she was a favorite in her village. She was of an extremely religious temperament, and the church services made her very happy.

When Joan was about thirteen years old her Voices came to her for the first time. She told of this great event later in her life:

"When I was about thirteen years old there came to me a Voice from God, teaching me how I was to behave and what I was to do. And the first time that Voice came I was afraid. I was standing about the middle of the day, in summer, in my father's garden. The Voice came from the right hand, from where the church stands, and when it came I usually saw a great light on the side from which it spoke. The Voice told me to be a good girl and go to church and go to save France. I said I was only a poor girl, who could not ride or lead the soldiers in the wars."

Joan also said that she saw figures of angels, and she enjoyed talking to them and listening to their counsel. However, no one else ever saw the angels or heard the Voices.

About this time Henry V of England died, and his son became heir to the throne. But the war against France was still being carried on. Just then the English were besieging the town of Orléans. This was in the fall of 1428. It seemed as though the city would be captured and the last stronghold of Charles would be lost to him. There were about 4,000 English besieging the city, and they planned to starve Orléans into surrender. It was then that the Voices advised Joan to save France.



IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

JOAN OF ARC. BY HENRI CHAPU

# JOAN OF ARC

## THE MAID OBEYS THE VOICES

Monograph Number Two in The Mentor Reading Course



JOAN lived far away from Orléans; but her Voices kept saying to her that she must go and drive away the English from that town. She did not want to do this, as she preferred to live quietly in her native village. But the Voices were urgent, and so at last Joan went to a nearby town, Vaucouleurs, and asked the commander there to lend her an escort, so that she might go to King Charles of France at Chinon (Shee-nong). This commander, whose name was Robert de Baudricourt (Bô-dree-koor), laughed at her; but when Joan told him of a great disaster that had happened to the French army near Orléans at the time that it happened, wheras he did not hear of it until sometime later, he was convinced of her miraculous power, and sent her to Charles.

This was on February 23, 1429. After riding for several days, the maid and her band reached Chinon. Then there was more delay; but at last she was allowed to have an audience with the king. To test her power, Charles stood among a crowd of courtiers, clothed very simply; but without hesitation Joan knelt before him and said:

"Fair sir, you are the Dauphin to whom I am come."

Charles pointed to another and said, "That is the king."

"No, fair sir," said Joan, "It is to you that I am sent."

This assured the king; but to convince him further of her power, she told him of his own private secret. This was that he prayed every night to know whether or not he was the rightful king of France. As Charles had not told this secret to a living soul, he was amazed. He was also encouraged when the girl told him he *was* the rightful king.

Then Joan was examined by the wise men of the court, and finally everyone agreed that she was advised by supernatural powers. An army was then collected, with which she was to march to the relief of Orléans.

White armor was made for her and a sacred banner presented to her. Her sword was dug from the ground behind the altar of Saint Catharine in a little town named Fierbois (Fyere-bwah). She had prophesied that this sword would be found there.

Then the Maid led the French to Orléans.



AT CHINON, FRANCE

JOAN OF ARC, BY J. ROULLEAU

# JOAN OF ARC

## THE RELIEF OF ORLÉANS

Monograph Number Three in The Mentor Reading Course



JOAN entered Orléans at nightfall. The people were all glad to see her, and lighted her way with torches. They tried to kiss her hands. In her white armor she was an inspiration to the French.

Joan wanted to sally out from Orléans immediately and attack the English; but the commander of the French forces did not think it wise to do so. Shortly afterward, however, Joan had her way.

The French planned an attack on the strongest of the English forts besieging Orléans. This was placed at the end of the bridge over the river Loire (Lwahr). It was a dangerous thing to do, as the fort was very strong; but Joan herself led the soldiers against its walls. The English were brave, and repulsed the attack throughout the day. At about one o'clock in the afternoon Joan was wounded by an arrow. She had prophesied this sometime before. The wound was not serious, however, and she went back into the battle. At eight o'clock Dunois, the commander of the French, wanted to withdraw, saying that they could not capture the fort that day; but Joan would not give up. She went away for awhile and prayed. When she returned, she seized her standard and led the soldiers up to the walls of the fort. The French, inspired by her bravery, followed, climbing the walls and killing or capturing all the English in the fort.

This defeat discouraged the English, and they withdrew from Orléans on May 8, 1429. In four days Joan had accomplished more than the French had been able to do in seven long months.

Joan next planned to take Charles to Rheims (English pronunciation—Reemz) and have him crowned with the holy oil; but most of the country was held by the English. So Joan determined to capture the cities, and thereby make it safe for the king to go to Rheims. She first captured Jargeau, then Meun, and after that Beaugency.

Shortly after this the English army was near a little town called Pathay. The French were pursuing them; so the main part of the English army was placed at the end of a long lane between two thick hedges. Then they hid their archers behind these hedges. They planned to trap the French in this long lane and shoot them down.

The French would have gone right into this trap, if a stag had not been roused by them and run up the lane into the English lines. The English archers could not resist a chance like this. They shot at the stag. This revealed their ambush to the French, and saved Joan's army from defeat. The English were beaten, and the Maid won a great victory.



# JOAN OF ARC

## THE CORONATION OF CHARLES VII

Monograph Number Four in The Mentor Reading Course



FTER Joan of Arc had beaten the English at Pathay, she wanted to carry out her plan to have Charles VII crowned King of France in the Cathedral at Rheims. But Charles was badly advised. His counselors were lazy and cowardly, and they told him that it was unsafe for him to attempt to go to Rheims.

But at last he decided to march there with his army, and on July 16, 1429, he entered the city. The next day Charles was crowned King of France, while Joan stood beside him holding her sacred banner.

When the coronation was over, Joan knelt at the king's feet and said, "Gentle King, now is the will of God fulfilled."

Charles wished to reward her and asked what she wanted. She said that her only wish was that Domrémy, her native village, should ever after be free from taxes. Her wish was granted.

The next plan of the Maid was to capture Paris from the English. But she received no assistance from the king and his followers. He did not want to make war; for he hoped to gain the friendship of the Duke of Burgundy. Finally, however, Charles was persuaded to go to a little town called St. Denis (Song-Den-ee), which is near Paris. But he was not much help.

Joan led her soldiers against a gate in Paris called the Porte St. Honoré (On-er-ray). One of the men who fought in the battle tells of it in this manner:

"The fight was long and fierce, and it was wonderful to hear the noise of guns and culverins from the walls, and to see the arrows fly like clouds. Few of those who went down into the dry ditch with the Maid were hurt, though many others were wounded with arrows and stone cannon balls; but, by God's grace and the Maid's favour, there were none but could return without help. We fought from noon till darkness began. After the sun set, the Maid was wounded in the thigh by a bolt from a crossbow, but she only shouted louder, 'Come on and the place was ours.' But when it was dark and all were weary, men came from the King and brought her up out of the ditch against her will."

The next day, when Joan and her followers were riding to attack Paris, King Charles sent messengers forbidding them to do it. So they gave up their plans for the day, planning to seize the city the following day. But the king kept putting off the attack, until finally Joan gave up in despair, and her troops were disbanded.

Later Joan went to Normandy, but in December returned to the court of Charles, where on the 29th her family were ennobled with the surname of du Lis (Lee). She did not care for honors, however, but concentrated all her energies on driving the English from her native country.

In March, 1430, she went away from the court to assist in the defense of Compiègne against the Duke of Burgundy, who was attacking the city.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS, BY ROWLAND WHEELWRIGHT



# JOAN OF ARC

## THE CAPTURE OF THE MAID

Monograph Number Five in The Mentor Reading Course



JOAN had often prophesied that her mission would last but a year, and this year was now fast drawing to a close. Her Voices also spoke to her about this time, saying that she would be taken prisoner soon. They would never tell her when. Joan prayed that she might die before she was captured; for the English had often threatened that they would burn her as a witch if they caught her. She fought on bravely, however, and did not allow her fear to overcome her courage.

When the Duke of Burgundy began to besiege Compiègne, Joan, before dawn, on May 23, 1430, stole into the city with two or three hundred men. The people were overjoyed to see her.

That evening she led her little force out of Compiègne in a sortie against the besiegers. She charged the Burgundians at Margny, (Marn-yee) which is near Compiègne, and drove them twice back to another village called Clairoix (Klare-wah). But her enemies were there reinforced and finally drove her back. Again she rallied her men and charged them. But there were very few of her followers with her this time, and she was surrounded and captured. She would not yield at first, hoping to be killed; but the Burgundians did not wish this, as she was more valuable to them alive than dead. They hoped to get a great ransom for her.

It might be imagined that the king and the people of France would have been glad to pay any sum for the safe return of the Maid, who had so greatly helped their native land. But Charles was indolent, and his advisers, who did not like Joan, counseled him not to ransom her. Therefore, he never made an effort to save her, nor did he show any interest in her fate.

Jean de Luxembourg was Joan's captor, and he sold her to the English. She knew what her fate would be in their hands, and one day when she was taking the air on the flat roof of the great tower at Beaurevoir, (Bo-re-vwar), where she was imprisoned, she leaped, hoping to kill herself. Strangely, she was not hurt,—not a bone in her body was broken,—but after the fall she found that she could not move a limb. It was destined that she should not escape. She was recaptured and turned over to the English, who put her into a new prison.



ERECTED AT ORLEANS

JOAN OF ARC, BY PRINCESS MARIE OF ORLEANS

# JOAN OF ARC

## THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF THE MAID

Monograph Number Six in The Mentor Reading Course



THE English turned Joan of Arc over to the Inquisition on January 3, 1431. The Inquisition was a court which tried people for religious offenses against the church. They put her into a cage in the castle of Rouen. Chains were placed on her legs, and five rough soldiers kept watch in the room day and night. Her captors wished to prove her a witch to take away the sting of having been defeated by a girl. The principal enemy of Joan was Pierre Cauchon (co-shong), the Bishop of Beauvais (bo-vay'), who hoped to be made Archbishop of Rouen by the English.

Her examination by the Court of the Inquisition began on January 9th. For three months these wise men examined the Maid every day. She had no advocate, and was forced to defend herself. But she showed that she was far wiser than her learned judges. She would never answer questions about her Saints and Voices except when the Voices gave her permission to do so.

In particular the judges wished to know the secret of the king, which secret they knew Joan possessed. But in spite of the king's neglect of the Maid, she would never betray him. Finally they told her they would torture her. They took her to the torture chamber and asked her if she would tell them then. But Joan said:

"Torture me if you please. Tear my body to pieces. Whatever I say in my pains will not be true, and as soon as I am released I will deny that it was true. Now go on!"

They did not torture her, but continued to harass her with questions. They said she should not wear man's dress as she did. She answered that when among men in war it was better and more proper. Once during the trial she seemed to hear her Voices and stopped speaking suddenly. Then after listening a moment she said, "Before seven years are passed the English will lose a greater stake than they have lost at Orléans: they will lose everything in France." This prophecy came true, as we know.

At last, on May 24, 1431, her judges took Joan to the graveyard of the Church of St. Ouen (Oo-ong) at Rouen. There was a stake and faggots all ready for the burning, and they said that she would be burned to death unless she signed a paper saying that she would wear woman's dress and would submit to the judges. She said that she would be willing to do this if she would receive pardon. But as Joan could not read, the judges substituted another paper for her to make her mark on. On this paper was a statement that her saints were evil spirits, and that she had done all sorts of wrong things.

She was still a prisoner of the English, and they kept her in prison. Her jailers by trickery induced her to put on her man's dress once more. When she had done this she was judged to have relapsed. This was the greatest crime, and she was sentenced to death.

On May 30, 1431, she was burned to death in the marketplace of Rouen. Eight hundred soldiers surrounded the stake for fear that someone might attempt to save her. Only one kind priest who pitied her brought a cross and held it before her eyes while she was burning.

In 1436 a woman appeared who said she was Joan of Arc escaped from the flames. Many people believed her; but afterward she confessed to being an imposter.

On July 7, 1456, the pope revoked the sentence passed on the Maid. In February, 1903, a formal proposal was entered for her beatification. On May 23, 1920 she was made a saint.